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Virginia Wildlife

Dedicated to the Conservation of Virginia's Wildlife and Related Natural Resources and to the Betterment of Outdoor Recreation in Virginia

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COVER: The sora is one of several species of rail birds that provide unique, specialized, and exciting sport in Virginia marshes in early autumn. More about rails and rail shooting will be found on pages 5 through 8. Our artist: John W. Taylor, Edgewater, Maryland.

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EDITORIAL

We Cannot Wait

AS doors of educational institutions across the land open wide, our attention naturally becomes focused more sharply upon our schools and the quality of our educational programs.

Education has a very special role to play as we move ever forward along the tortuous and uncharted trail that leads, we hope, toward the good life for all. Its task is to equip our youth, better than we ourselves were equipped, to meet the challenges of a world environment that daily becomes more complex.

In a world increasingly dominated by man's activities, the greatest problem facing humanity is that of achieving a state of harmony within the vast web of life of which mankind is a part. The key to such harmony is to be found in sound resource use education.

Science and geography textbooks in use throughout the elementary grades provide a wealth of material for developing attitudes toward, and knowledge of, the earth's resources. In high school history and geography courses the relationship of wise use of natural resources to the development of our state and nation is one of the major topics covered. Civics courses stress resource conservation as a responsibility of citizenship, while a senior course in government deals with the same topic from the standpoint of governmental agencies and laws. All science courses provide the opportunity for learning experiences in conservation, and the newer approaches to teaching biology, which stress ecological relationships, provide an especially effective means of demonstrating how closely man and the other living resources in his environment are interrelated.

But learning experiences are not confined to the school building or to the school year, and one wonders what our youth may have experienced during summer's period of relaxation and refreshment in that greatest of all classrooms, the outdoors. Could it be that they saw a countryside so littered and despoiled as to make a travesty of the hymn "America the Beautiful," that they once were taught to sing in reverence? Did they see mismanaged woodlands and the ugly marks of erosion on the land? Did they see wildlife habitat needlessly destroyed and open wounds inflicted upon the earth by heedless or greedy men? Did they note the fish kills? Or retreat from the stench of streams, where once they might have fished or bathed, now foul with human excrement and waste?

John Dewey once said that no program of education could survive in a democracy except that it draws its life from the people. There is no merit in advocating wise use and stewardship of resources in the schools if we do not really believe in what we advocate, work at it, and make it a discernible fact of our society.

Education is the key to harmony between man and his environment, but education can neither begin nor end in the schoolroom. Our school curricula provide excellent opportunities for learning experiences in wise resource use, which is more than can be said for much of the landscape which reflects the real point of view of our society. It is not enough to hope that the generation now in school will somehow come out wiser and better equipped than we are to face up to the problems of an expanding human population in a finite environment. We cannot wait. We cannot pass the buck. We need to clean up our own mess now.—J. F. Mc.

LETTERS

Eagle's Disappearance is Symoblic

I have been a subscriber to your magazine for a number of years and have always enjoyed it, and think it does much credit to your Commission. The pictures on the front cover are always attractive. The July issue in particular of the bald eagle, your note on the cover—which reads in part, "Once proud master of North American skies, the bald eagle now is a vanishing race in continental United States and no one knows exactly why or what to do about it"—attracted my particular attention.

The bald eagle, as you state, has always been a symbol of freedom and independence on which it lived and thrived with the people. In my opinion this freedom and independence we so love, cherish, and boast about has been and still is gradually dying. Our government is slowly but surely entering into our private lives and businesses, and taking away the freedom and independence we are supposed to love, and with its passing goes also its symbol, the bald eagle.

Yet we sit quietly and "Fiddle while Rome burns."

B. C. Garrett, Jr.
King William

Shooting Hen Turkeys A Disgrace

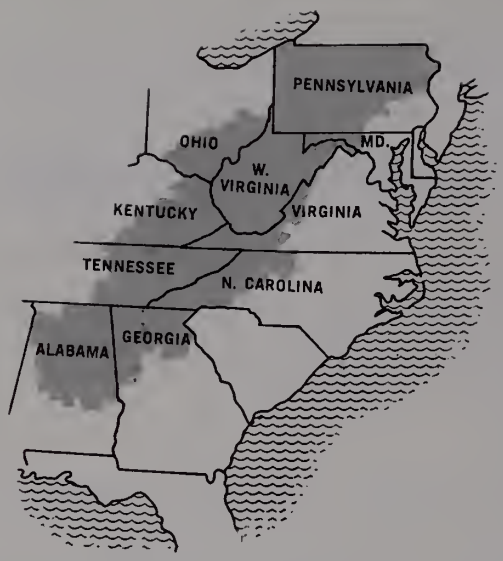
I read with a great deal of interest your editorial in the May issue of VIRGINIA WILDLIFE under the caption "Strong Remedy."

Your fine paper has come to me for a number of years, and I read it with a great deal of interest. I was born in Wise County, and I maintain continued interest in the wildlife of the Old Dominion, and am particularly interested in your wild turkey program.

I have flushed flocks of turkeys while bird hunting, in Chesterfield and Surry Counties, and seen men "take a crack" at them with bird shot. I am sure many fine birds are crippled and lost in this way.

We have a spring season for gobblers only here in Arkansas, and our turkey population has increased steadily. Shooting a hen turkey here is not only a violation with an automatic $100 fine, but is looked upon as the epitome of disgrace. Taking the old gobbler and leaving the hens in no way depletes the future population, and for me, after 40 years of varied hunting, it is the greatest thing to be had afield. I have had marvelous duck hunting here in the rice fields, have killed my share of quail in Missouri and Middle Tennessee, have shot geese in the salt flats of Louisiana and grouse in Scotland, but the greatest thrill in hunting for me came when I parked in a good turkey wood, went to a gobbler as he greeted the dawn, took a good stand in a tree lap, and called him to good range. He had a 10 inch beard and dressed out at 16 pounds.

W. L. McColgan, D.D.
Pine Buff, Arkansas



GABRIELSON COMMENTS ON THE APPALACHIA PLAN

THE proposed Appalachia program is an effort to bolster the economy of a depressed region, and as an objective no one could possibly quarrel with it. There is a growing concern, however, that the program has not been carefully thought out.

Much of the program is aimed at producing economic return from mass recreation and tourism. Few of the Appalachia reports allude to the *preservation of the natural ecology and wilderness* which are so important an aspect of recreation in the Appalachian region.

While I doubt that this message was heard—or will be heeded—by the engineers and agricultural planners, the fact is that additional emphasis should be placed on wilderness and wilderness-type recreation in Appalachia. For example, 6 million tourists who traveled the 469 miles of the present Blue Ridge Parkway in 1961 were estimated to have generated $60 million in business in the Appalachia area. But 1.9 million fishermen and 2 million hunters enjoying sports in the undeveloped wilderness parts of Appalachia in 1960 *generated more than $350 million* in goods and services!

As someone put it after reviewing the highway and transportation subcommittee reports, roads, highways and associated scenic overlooks are planned for practically every significant ridge in the southern Appalachians. Unless carefully controlled, erosion from highway construction will do considerable damage to the unique trout and smallmouth bass fisheries in the area.

While roads and trails are needed for access, these roads and trails must be of the right kind and in the right places. Recent studies by the Southeastern Forest Experiment Station show that additional access by woodland trails is an important factor in increasing deer and small game harvests.

The Appalachia Agricultural Subcommittee report advocates a program of pasture rehabilitation which will produce a net increase of 863,000 acres of pasture. The same subcommittee suggests that considerable income can be realized through management of wildlife for hunting or fishing on the thousands of small private farms in the area. Pasture generally is poor wildlife habitat.

Construction of 6,700 detention reservoirs, half in the Appalachian watershed, also is recommended. Agriculturists claim that detention reservoirs would have significant fish and wildlife values while providing flood protection to 3.8 million acres of Appalachia's flood plains. Here again it is obvious that the Agriculture Subcommittee is thinking of *mass* recreation. Many of these mountain watersheds are on national forests, a large proportion of which provide semi-wilderness trout fishing. Nearly 800 anglers fished the headwaters of the French Broad River in the Pisgah National Forest one weekend last spring. The agricultural report ignores the destruction that will occur to this resource if a wholesale program of small detention reservoirs is substituted for this mountain type of fishery.

It should be pointed out that half of the people who visit the 11 million acres of national forests in Appalachia are interested in dispersed wilderness recreation. They are not attracted to scenic highways, developed camp grounds, or crowded lake shores. They go to the Appalachians for isolation. The recreation features of the proposed Appalachia program are overbalanced toward *mass* recreation. The Recreation Subcommittee's report makes this very clear. It indicates plainly that impounded water and highways are keys to *commercial* recreation development. Appalachia's wilderness and semi-wilderness recreation resource is of immense monetary value already. It can be destroyed as easily by impoundments, highways, and mass recreation as by subdivisions and industrial developments.

The Appalachia Timber Subcommittee recommends public acquisition of submarginal farms where there is no reasonable future for agriculture. Incentives also are recommended to develop a broader base for marketing of forest products. Both of these good recommendations, if put into practice, would enhance the attractiveness of Appalachia to the dispersed recreationist. Harvest of forest products is essential to maintenance of maximum wildlife populations that recreationists may seek with binoculars, cameras, or sporting firearms.

Too much emphasis has been placed on roads and dams in the Appalachia plan and not enough attention given to the two resources which already exist. These are the forestry resource and the opportunity for dispersed outdoor recreation. Little attention is given to the problem of acid mine wastes which render potentially useful waters sterile and unattractive, and which would do the same to any reservoirs built on the streams. Little attention also is given to rehabilitating old strip mines, and to improving the timber types and stands. Such projects could furnish a continual base for long-term employment and development. They will provide many more jobs, of the kind that people in Appalachia are qualified to do, than will a big highway program or the building of dams, both of which call for an increasing amount of machinery and decreasing amount of ordinary laboring skills.

Appalachia, in many areas, is a fragile and abused land with its forests ransacked, lands stripped, and streams polluted. Many of its people and its communities are poor as a result. No federal program is going to make a long-term contribution to Appalachia if the restoration of its resources is ignored.

From a paper prepared by Doctor Ira N. Gabrielson, President, Wildlife Management Institute, for presentation at the Conservation Roundup, Fontana Village, North Carolina, June 12, 1964.

MOURNING DOVE
1964 SEASONS:
SEPT. 12-OCT. 31
AND
DEC. 21-JAN. 9

EARLY FALL WING SHOOTING ON

UPLAND AND MARSH

IT'S about time to wipe dust off the old shotgun and apply a fresh coat of oil, lay in a supply of shells, pick up a new hunting license, and maybe sharpen the shooting eye on a few clay targets, for autumn is almost upon us and with the first early fall days comes some of the fastest and most exciting bird shooting of the year. While rail birds are slipping silently and unobserved through Virginia marshlands, the mourning doves that have spent the summer widely dispersed throughout the wooded areas of the state are winding up their nesting duties and soon will concentrate in enormous flocks to feed in ripening and harvested grain fields.

The popularity of the dove as a game bird is unsurpassed. He is the trickiest flyer and most elusive target of all. He relies on speed rather than wits or concealment to escape the gun as he sweeps across his favorite feeding field, and many is the barrage he escapes by the sheer power of his driving flight.

As doves gather in large numbers in the vicinity of big fields where there is an abundance of waste grain on the ground, hunters likewise are attracted in large numbers to the best dove fields. It is one kind of hunting in which most gunners do not object to being part of a crowd. In fact it usually takes from ten to twenty hunters to conduct a good shoot in a large field, for unless there are enough hunters on stands around the field to keep the birds moving they will soon settle in a part of the field that is out of reach of the guns.

Most dove hunting is done on privately owned land, since that is where the big grain fields are. Usually it is not difficult to get a landowner's permission to join a hunt that is in progress, or about to begin, but it is wise to make arrangements in advance since many landowners wisely restrict dove shooting to one or two days a week. This keeps the birds from becoming gun shy, or moving off to other less heavily hunted areas. Gun-shy birds, even though they do not abandon a field entirely, provide poor sport as they come in high and circle wide, and crippling losses mount rapidly when a field is overshot and the birds become extremely wild. It was found in a recent study that more than three times as many doves per gun hour of hunting were taken after opening day in a 300 acre field that was shot once a week as were bagged in a similar field where shooting was permitted every day; and the crippling loss per dove killed in the field that was shot every day was more than seven times as great as in the field that was shot every seventh day.

Commission photo by Kesteloo
Dove hunting is not attractive for the solitude and loneliness it provides. Both doves and hunters gather in large numbers in the vicinity of certain grain fields in early autumn.

There is a growing trend in many states including Vir-

(Continued on next page)

CLAPPER
RAIL
1964 SEASON:
SEPT. 18-
NOV. 26

Early Fall Wing Shooting on Upland and Marsh

(Continued from page 5)

U.S. Army photo

A strip prepared for game bird food planting last spring on Camp Pickett's public hunting area. In experimental dove plantings 48 acres in long 40 foot wide strips, and entire 7 to 10 acre fields, were sown with millet.

ginia to manage hunting public land for dove shooting. Although this is an intensive and expensive type of wildlife management, the increasing number of dove hunters who do not have ready access to private lands justifies it. It involves the acquistion of large tracts of open land, and the planting and cultivation of agricultural type crops on a huge scale in order to compete successfully with large grain farming operations for the birds' attention. The Game Commission owned Powhatan Wildlife Management Area is now in its second year of management for dove shooting, and two experimental projects designed to attract doves have been added this year to the game management program at Camp Pickett. Dove fields also have been developed at Kerr Reservoir, on the Buckingham-Appomattox and Cumberland State Forests, and on the Quantico and A. P. Hill reservations.

Marshes Offer Early Fall Sport

Compared to the number of upland gunners who seek the swift flying mourning dove, few hunters take advantage of Virginia's early fall marsh shooting although rail birds, especially clappers and sora, are plentiful in the vast wetlands on the Atlantic side of the Eastern Shore counties, in marshes along our larger rivers, and on both sides of Chesapeake Bay. The Commission owned Mockhorn Island, which can be reached by boat from Oyster, Virginia, provides excellent rail shooting and guides usually are available at such nearby towns as Oyster and Wachapreague.

Rail hunting and dove hunting are about as different as any two varieties of sport with the scattergun can be. Unlike doves, rails are not particularly strong flyers, and shooting them often is not nearly as difficult as finding and flushing them. Rails are "real sneaky birds," they say down in the Bay country. They much prefer hiding in the marsh grass to flying and, if they can, will sneak off or swim across a reedy channel at the first sign or sound of an approaching hunter. But when the tide floods the marsh —when the water is too deep for running and the vegetation too thick for swimming—and the birds find themselves stranded on the higher hummocks, then at the approach of the hunter they will reluctantly flap their way up above the grass and often drop back out of sight a few rods away. Slow and awkward looking in the air, with long legs dangling, they look like, and are, a fairly easy target. But the shooter has to be quick, for the rail may not stay airborne much longer than it takes to say "marsh hen."

In some marshes several hunters on foot in a skirmish line can flush rails at low tide by driving them along tidal guts and ditches until they take to the air. Usually, however, the best shooting is from a poling boat and the best time is during spring tides (near the new and full phases of the moon) when a northeaster has piled an extra foot of water over the marshlands. This kind of hunting, again unlike dove hunting, is a quiet sport for a quiet man, where two is company and three is a crowd. Marsh hunting has always had a strong appeal for the gunner who seeks solitude in vast primeval open spaces. It is such elemental things as the wind, the tide, the smell of the marsh, the mystery of migration, and the irrepressible urge to feel the buffeting of a raw northeaster, as well as the birds themselves, that give early fall rail hunting its unique appeal.

Last fall Commission photographer Leon Kesteloo journeyed to the Eastern Shore to seek out the secretive game birds of the autumn salt marshes, and brought back, in addition to the making of some of the finest of gourmet eating, the pictorial record of a clapper rail hunt which appears on the following pages.

A mid-summer look at the grain strips planted to attract doves in September to the Commission's Powhatan Wildlife Management Area.
Commission photo by Kesteloo

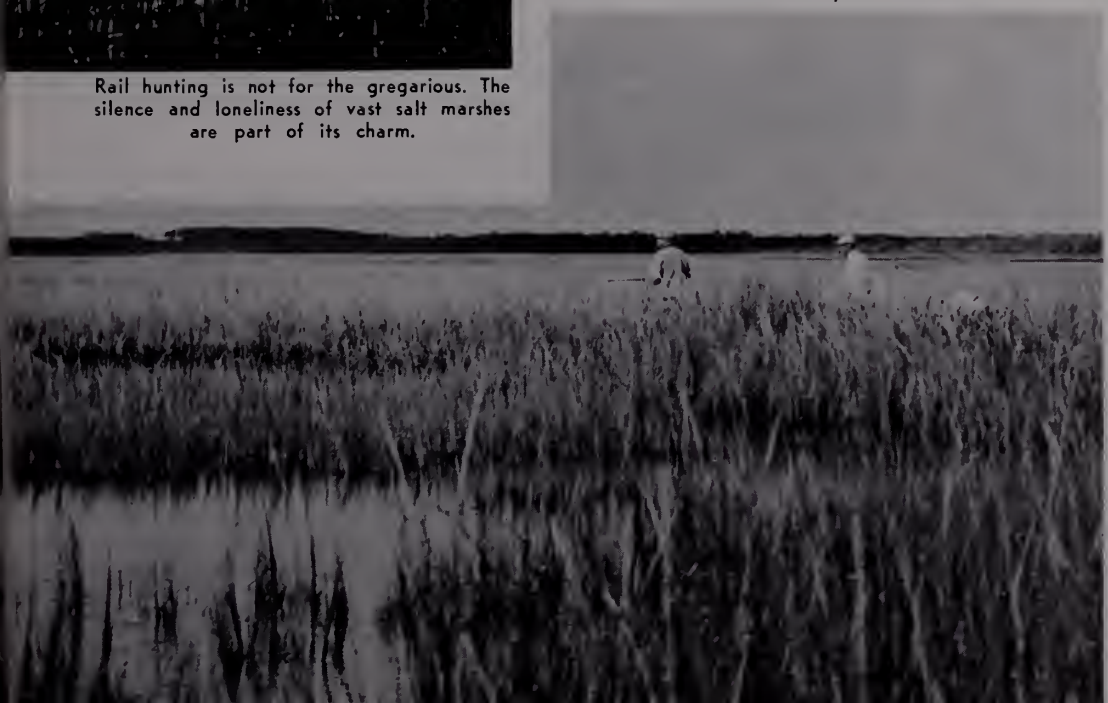
High tide, a lonely marsh, a poling boat and an autumn day spell rail hunt.

Unlike the clapper rail, which is a bird of the more open salt marshes, sora prefer the fresh marshes of our larger rivers where their favorite food, wild rice, grows rank and tall.

Rail hunting is not for the gregarious. The silence and loneliness of vast salt marshes are part of its charm.

Off for the salt marshes on a spring tide in quest of the elusive clapper.

Home of the clapper rail. He would rather run and hide than fly, but when the water gets too deep for running and the vegetation is too thick for swimming, he will take reluctantly to the air.



Although his feet are not webbed, the clapper is an adept swimmer.

(Continued on next page)

There goes one! Shoot quickly, before he drops back into the flooded marsh!

A downed bird is not easily found here. A good retriever is a big help.

Two down. I'll be right back for the other one.

Look, boss, another one!

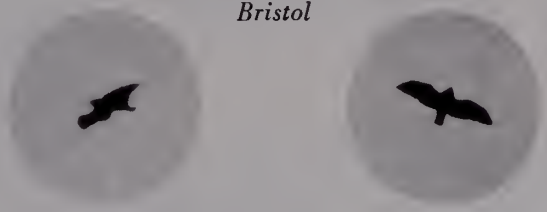
Leaving their boat for awhile, two hunters try walking up birds on the higher portions of a rail marsh.

As the tide ebbs, shooting ceases; but the making of a gourmet meal is already on board, and a pleasant blending of sea and marsh and sky extending to the distant horizon in all directions is etched in the hunters' memories.

SEPTEMBER HAWKING

ON CLINCH MOUNTAIN

By HOLMES ROLSTON, III
Bristol



"DID you count ahead of us, high and well past the tower?" I asked T. W. Finucane, and then suddenly, realizing the size of the flight: "Wow, there must be hundreds of hawks up there!" We were lying flat on our backs on a rock outcropping in the sunshine of a still day in September, high atop Clinch Mountain at the Mendota Firetower. With binoculars we strained eyesight higher still to mere specks in the blue and white of an autumn sky. I counted rapidly, having now scanned the open distance ahead to be certain I had sighted the leading hawks of the long flight. This one was large, but ideal for counting, strung out in a long narrow line, averaging about three hawks in width. I settled back to count each as he effortlessly soared by the edge of a white cloud and out into the blue. Mr. Finucane counted simultaneously. Some fifteen minutes later, at the count of 830 the flight cut off suddenly. The chain of broad-winged hawks now extended past us, easily a mile along the narrow ridge of the Clinch, the leading birds having long since passed beyond our visibility.

By the close of the day, September 22, 1962, we had the highest single day's total count in the history of observation at the Mendota Firetower: 2,369 broad-winged hawks, which together with a handful of redtails, ospreys and other hawks brought the total count to 2,379 hawks. From morning till noon the day was slow, but the few hawks that did come past were low, often pausing to circle for altitude over the tower. At noon the wind died down, and clouds gathered over the knobs and ridges, forming, disappearing, and reforming throughout the afternoon. The flow of hawks increased, now high above. By half past two we had spotted 220; within the next hour 416 more had passed, and by four the count rose to 1,030. After a lull there came the largest single flight ever spotted at the tower, 830, followed by a few smaller flights. By five o'clock the count reached 2,369. Then flights cut off, as if five were quitting time, and not a hawk was seen in the evening sky.

The Mendota Firetower sits astride Clinch Mountain on the Washington County-Russell County line in Southwest Virginia, some 11 miles, as the hawks fly, from Bristol. At 3,018 feet it is not an especially high tower, but it commands a majestic view over open valleys to the north and south. The hawks could find wilder terrain. In sight across the Great Valley to the south are the Holston and Iron Mountains, part of the chain that becomes the Unakas and runs south into the Smokies. On clear days White Top and Mt. Rogers, Virginia's highest mountains, are visible in the distance. But observations from higher towers, such as the Feathercamp Tower, have proved disappointing. In sight northward across the Clinch River is the wild High Knob area, and a series of mountain ridges leading out to the Cumberlands. But the hawks do not seem to be there either, though further observation data is needed to confirm this. For some reason known only to the hawks, they have chosen the long, narrow Clinch as a major flyway on their early autumn journey through Southwest Virginia. Down the Clinch Mountain, after it enters Tennessee, reports from lookouts are as good and better. But to add to the mystery, eastward and up the Clinch, over similar terrain, preliminary reports are that the hawks are not there in such numbers, though this perhaps in part can be attributed to the lack of adequate observation data.

For 14 years the Tennessee Ornithological Society has conducted an annual survey of the fall migration of birds of prey, now under the leadership and co-ordination of Mr. T. W. Finucane of Kingsport. The fifteenth annual count begins September, 1964. Some fifty reports of days and half-days of observation, or of chance sightings of soaring flocks, are filed with Mr. Finucane, then summarized and printed annually in the *Migrant*, journal of the Society. Total hawks counted in 1963 were 5,437, of which 5,224 were broadwings. In 1962 total count was 6,286, of which 5,915 were broadwings; in 1961, 6,347, of which 5,915 were broadwings. Inconveniently, but factually, the broadwing count these two years was identical in total. The second largest year of the project was 1960, when 10,273 hawks were counted, of which 10,135 were broadwings. The record year in the history of the count was 1959, with a total count of 11,457, of which 10,998 were broadwings. Previous years back to 1949 have averaged some 7,680 broadwings annually. Differences in annual counts reflect in part actual numbers of hawks in migration in our area, but also reflect increasing interest in the project and hours spent in observation. The average peak flight date accumulated since 1949 is September 22.

Since the beginning of the Tennessee hawk count, one of the most productive lookouts has been in Virginia, the Mendota Firetower. The best guess as to what makes

(Continued on page 21)

The author and T. W. Finucane at the Mendota fire tower.

THE WELL FED CAMPER

By JIM RUTHERFOORD
Radford

Photos by the Author

Even when you own a sleek cruiser with a gorgeous galley, cooking ashore can be fun too. This skipper is charcoaling hamburgers on an early fall afternoon. Folding charcoal grills are handy items to have along when there is room.

THERE is something romantic, "woodsy" and highly recreational about living off the land; about shooting your own game, catching your own fish for a meal in the open.

There was a time when a camping trip was only a means to an end—frequently the end of a deer or two, if the trip took place in the fall; the demise of a few unwary fish if the expedition occurred in the warmer months. There was a time when a diet of fatback and beans were the penalty for a missed shot or an empty creel since we relied on camp meat to fill the pot. Today the fish may be uncooperative; the game may be out of season. But there is no more need for the diet of sowbelly and beans. Outdoor eating has been lifted out of the doldrums by a whole new world of foods useful to the camper.

Of course there is nothing finer than a mess of fresh-caught trout, or bass, or walleye for breakfast in camp or sauteed liver from a deer you have killed yourself as the *piece de resistance* of your dinner menu; but most of us prefer to bring back the remainder of the deer or the string of fish for display purposes among our less fortunate friends who haven't the good sense to enjoy the out-of-doors as we do. And the venison, properly aged and cared for, is much better for the waiting, the expert butchering at your friendly neighborhood meat market and the sharing of it with friends.

In the old days, being young and vigorous, we didn't care much about the quality of our camp cooking; and the work involved in getting to and from the hunting or fishing area, setting up camp and the attendant chores of chopping wood, building tables and all the rest, not to mention the few hours of sport that we had time for, made us hungry enough to eat most anything that came from the flames of the smoky campfire.

Now, with good roads, fast cars, more leisure time, few of us can hike into the wilderness anymore. There is precious little wilderness left to hike to. Those good roads and fast cars carry us right to our camping area and not many sportsmen stray more than a few hundred yards from their base in search of the game or fish that lured them there in the first place. And, let's face it, many of us are reaching that age when dietary and maintenance problems create a desire and a need for more creature comforts than in past years. In short, we need to pamper our palates, pet our peptics and care for our cardiovasculars with a not too different balance of calories, vitamins, minerals, proteins and bulk from what we are used to at home. For on our frequent short hunting and fishing vacations our physiological needs change but little, although the air is a bit fresher.

Today, smoky campfires, lack of refrigeration, doubtful preserving processes are things of the past (along with much of the wilderness). Even a diffident camp cook can whip up a passable meal, and an individual with a love of

cooking can easily become a backwoods Escoffier.

Although there are many food items—canned bread, tinned bacon and butter, freeze-dried steaks and chops and stews—especially designed for the outdoorsman, the average auto (or boat) camper can get along without them very well. Fine for emergencies, and tasty too, these specialized items are considerably more expensive than similar items you now can find on the shelves at your local store; to wit, quick cooking rice and rice dishes, rapid spaghetti, instant mashed potatoes, fast salad dressings and sauce mixes, minute puddings and pie fillings, snappy packaged meals and in-a-trice beverages. Most of these are in dry, freeze-dried or dehydrated form along with biscuit mixes, pancake mixes, cornbread mixes, self-rising this and automatic that, none of which require refrigeration. The rare backpacker in the audience take note: these are *dry* foods. You add water when you are ready to cook them; ergo: less water, less weight. *Voila!*

In the canned goods departments of today's supermarkets are all manner of goodies for the vehicle transported camper, who has the room and weight carrying ability to get them to camp. There are canned ham, roast beef, hamburgers, franks (with or without the ubiquitous beans), chicken, turkey, shrimp and sausages.

But one need not rely wholly on dried and canned foods. Modern, high efficiency insulation has brought us camp refrigerators that will keep ice for days, particularly if the ice is frozen, or refrozen, in your home freezer. "Cold Ice" we call it, since it goes into the camp cooler at minus 20 degrees Fahrenheit. We freeze our own in milk cartons, along with a few quarts of fresh, whole milk and put the frozen result into the cooler, cartons and all. The thawed liquids are, of course, drinkable as they melt. Fresh foods—steaks, roasts, poultry, vegetables and eggs—are pre-cooled before putting them in the cooler. With judicious opening of the coolers, we have been able safely to keep food without spoilage for as long as a week in hot summer temperatures. Each of our inexpensive, expanded foam coolers carries its own thermometer so that we can know when the danger point (about 40°F.) is approaching and act accordingly. If ice is not available, we start cooking like mad to save the remaining food. Better to have sirloin of beef *hash* than no steak at all. However, this has happened to us only once in many years of camping; and that in the remote reaches of Quebec.

We find that even frozen foods can be kept frozen for several days if they are refrozen (hardened) at home and placed in a pre-chilled cooler together with a pound or two of dry ice, the latter obtainable at most creameries for a few cents a pound.

Compact, aluminum-cased gasoline stove is heart of author's camp cooking outfit. Large, two-burner size allows use of remaining burner when oven is in use on other.

The big trick is in the planning. Use fresh, perishable foods first. Among the frozen foods start with the poultry. (Barbecued or roasted Rock Cornish Game Hens with wild rice dressing, buttered hearts of artichokes, creamed peas and fresh fruit salad make downright good eating anywhere and, when you cook and serve such a meal outdoors, it's truly dramatic to the uninitiated.) And how is this all done? Not over a smoky campfire, of course. Anachronism: The progress (?) that threatens to engulf much of our recreational land has made it easier for us to enjoy what is left of it.

Today our camp cookery is practiced on a two-burner gasoline camp stove supplemented by a single burner.

(Continued on page 20)

Twelfth in the series of articles on some of the favorite angling hot spots in Virginia.

THE BULLPASTURE

By OZZIE WORLEY
Roanoke

Photos by the author

THE Bath County village of Williamsville has two stores, no telephones, and few residents. These things give the place a turn of the century look and make it an oasis for the hunter or fisherman who likes isolation. But what attracts me to the area even more is the stretch of the Bullpasture River which rambles through the village. When I say "river," I don't mean to conjure up visions of smallmouth bass, perch and other warm water fish. It's the trout fishing that hooks me.

Although Willamsville lies in Bath County, the Highland County line is only a hop and a skip away. And, upstream from the village in the direction of Highland, is a dam where my trout-fishing kickoffs begin.

The dam is a two-piece job that isn't up to Grand Coulee specifications in size or workmanship. One part of it is made of a combination of rocks and logs; the other of low level concrete. In the clear water behind the dam, spinner and fly fishermen have a made-to-order setting to try their skill. The rushing water below the dam and the pools which stretch out for a mile or so downstream are the magnets that get me.

My first visit to the Bullpasture took care of that. The baptismal came about like this:

Ernest Robertson of Salem, Virginia, who is a former member of the House of Delegates from Roanoke County, sang and resang the virtues of the Bullpasture even while he and I were fishing Botetourt County's Jennings Creek. And Jennings is no mud puddle when it comes to trout waters.

One sparkling spring day Robertson called to tell me that he and his teen-age son, Lee, were planning a fishing trip to the Bullpasture. I jumped at the chance to go along, after he said I had an invitation.

Hunters' cabins dot the Williamsville region, since some of Virginia's best deer, bear and turkey hunting is found here. Robertson belongs to the Peaceful Valley Hunt Club and he said we would spend the night in the club's cabin

The Bullpasture dam above Williamsville is not up to Grand Coulee specifications, but both the quiet water above and the rushing currents and pools below are made-to-order for trout fishing.

and tackle the trout an hour before sunrise the next morning.

I live in Roanoke County only a few minutes' drive from Robertson's Salem home. I drove there in the afternoon, left my car and we headed for the hunting camp in Robertson's station wagon. The drive to Bath took well over two hours, even though my host knew several short cuts.

Since the stream was brand new to me at this time, I had the usual petty worries: What did the stream look like? Since we'd start before dawn, how would I know where to fish?

"Don't let it bother you," consoled Robertson's son, Lee, who has been fishing for trout since he learned how to crank a reel; "You can start at the dam with me."

When we drove through Williamsville, it was dark. At the upper end of the village we turned to the right and clanked over a bridge that spans the Bullpasture. I leaned out the window of the station wagon to catch my first glimpse of the stream. I heard it churning under the bridge, but had little chance to size it up.

Within ten or fifteen minutes after the turn off at Williamsville, we reached the cabin, unloaded our equipment and Robertson got chow on the way.

Before turning in, we lined up our tackle in the main room of the cabin in order to make a quick start in the

(Continued on page 19)

Frank Hancock of Roanoke struggles with tackle, landing net and Bullpasture rainbow.

VIRGINIA WILDLIFE ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

CONSERVATIONGRAM

Commission Activities and Late Wildlife News . . . At A Glance

DOVE AND SHORE BIRD SEASONS SET. The Virginia Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries again chose a two-way split dove season for this fall totaling 70 half days from the framework recently announced by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. The first period will begin September 12 at noon and extend through October 31, while the second half of the season will begin at noon December 21 and continue through January 9. The bag limit will be 12 daily and 24 in possession, a slight liberalization over last year's daily limit of 10 and possession limit of 20.

Rail and gallinule season was set from September 18 through November 26. The daily bag limit will be 15 in the aggregate of all species of rails (including sora) and gallinules, and 30 combined in possession. Last year hunters were allowed 25 sora rails daily plus 15 of the other species combined. A loss of sora rail habitat was cited as the reason for the bag cut.

The season on both woodcock and snipe will begin November 16 and end January 4. This represents an increase of 5 snipe hunting days over last year, the liberalization prompted by slightly higher populations. Limits on woodcock will be 5 daily and 10 in possession while snipe limits were set at 8 daily and 16 in possession.

Doves may be hunted only from noon until sunset each day. Other migratory game birds may be hunted from sunrise until sunset. No hunting is permitted on Sunday.

1964-65 VIRGINIA MIGRATORY GAME BIRD SEASONS AND LIMITS

Species	Season Dates	Daily Bag Limit	Possession Limit	Shooting Hours
Clapper Rails Sora Rails and Gallinules	Sept.18-Nov. 26	15 Combined	30 Combined	Sunrise until sunset
Doves	Sept. 12-Oct. 31 Dec. 21-Jan. 9	12	24	Noon until sunset
Woodcock	Nov. 16-Jan. 4	5	10	Sunrise until sunset
Jacksnipe	Nov. 16-Jan. 4	8	16	Sunrise until sunset

FEDERAL DOVE REGULATIONS MODIFIED. The U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service has just announced modifications in the federal regulatory game bird regulations, which will permit the shooting of migratory game birds other than waterfowl over areas where shelled grain, other feed or salt has been scattered "solely as a result of valid agricultural operations or procedures." The previous wording of this section limited such shootings to grains scattered by normal agricultural planting or harvesting. This will allow the shooting of doves over livestock feed lots and in other areas where it has previously been prohibited. It does not permit deliberate baiting.

Another modification requires that one fully feathered wing must remain attached to all dressed migratory game birds, including waterfowl, until these birds have been transported to the abode of the possessor or to a commercial preservation facility.

GATES CLOSED ON ORANGE COUNTY LAKE. The 124 acre fishing lake being built by the Virginia Game Commission in Orange County has started to fill following closing of the gates July 6, according to Commission Engineer G. R. Holladay. The dam is completed and the lake bed has been cleared of trees and debris. Construction of the site has been underway since November, 1963. A fish holding pond below the dam and other finishing touches should be completed by July 15, 1964.

Fishery technicians treated the entire watershed above the lake with rotenone to keep rough fish in these waters from becoming established in the new lake. It is estimated that the lake will fill sufficiently for stocking by late fall. Bass, bluegill, redear sunfish, and channel catfish will be placed in the new waters, but it is doubtful that they will reach a size to justify opening the lake to angling before some time in 1966.

Photo by Goolrick, Fredericksburg *Free Lance-Star.*

Judging Essays

Members of the Fredericksburg-Rappahannock Chapter, Izaak Walton League read through some 1,600 wildlife essays submitted by tenth graders. Walton graders (left to right) are Tom Wright; Dallas Foster, chapter president; Joe Vance; Medford Haynes; Darrell Ferrell; and Sam Hayden. Approximately 14,000 essays were entered in the 1963-64 contest. Other IWLA chapters serving as preliminary judges were: Annandale-Springfield, Alleghany-Covington, Winchester, Loudoun, Alexandria, Rockingham-Harrisonburg and Staunton-Augusta. The final judges were representatives from the State Education Department, IWLA, and Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries.

John B. Nicholson, president of the Game Warden's Association, presents Lawanda Watts a special award from their association.

Lawanda P. Watts, Tappahannock High Sch senior, accepts the $800 scholarship award fr Governor Albertis S. Harrison, Jr. Lawanda's es will appear in the October issue of VIRGIN WILDLIFE.

17th
Annual Wildlife Essay Contest

SUBJECT: What Can I Do—Now And In The Future—For Conservation?

SPONSORED BY: The Virginia Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries and the Virginia Division of the Izaak Walton League of America.

ENDORSED BY: The Virginia Resource-Use Education Council and the Resource-Use Education Committee of the Virginia Academy of Science.

APPROVED BY: The Virginia State Board of Education.

Program
April

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SCHOLARSHIP AWARD—Lawanda P. Watts, Tappahan ($800.00)

GRAND PRIZE WINNERS—$50.00 each

Senior Grade,	Charles Edward McClung, Buckingham C
11th Grade,	Mary Sue Scott, Bland High School, Bla
10th Grade,	Marilyn Anne Lewter, Manchester High
9th Grade,	Louise Gentry, Lexington High School
8th Grade,	Jennie Lou Carpenter, Tappahannock H
7th Grade,	Ruth Whitehead, McHarg Elementary S
6th Grade,	Randy Williams, Pamplin Elementary S
5th Grade,	Brenda Faye Elliott, Burkeville Element

SCHOOL AWARDS—($15.00 each) 100 Percent Participation

Meriwether Lewis School, Charles
Deerfield Elementary School, Mary
Greenville Elementary School, Car
Bland High School, Ralph R. Reyn
Buckingham Central High, Horace
Boyce Elementary School, D. W.
Tappahannock High School, H. W.
Immanuel Lutheran Elementary Sch
Middletown Elementary School, Sta
Montpelier Elementary School, Ale
McHarg Elementary School, Willia
Wicomico Elementary School, Lloy
Grymes Memorial School, Mrs. Fr
Quantico High School, John C. B
Preston Park Elementary School,
Givens Elementary School, D. C. P
Montfort Academy, Sister Theodor
Wakefield Elementary School, J.

Top winners and representatives from schools participating 100 per cent in the 17th Annual Wildlife Essay Contest pose with Governor Harrison.

Commission photos by Kesteloo unless otherwise indicated.

Winners and guests tour the State Capitol.

A chartered bus tours the historic sites of Richmond.

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EMONIES, Senate

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F AWARDS by Governor
, Jr.
EMONIES, assemble on
pitol Building for pictures.
f historic Richmond.
Picnic Lunch.
et Shooting Demonstrations.

An archery demonstration for guests at Walton Park.

Richmond Chapter of the IWLA host an early afternoon picnic for the winners.

igh School, Essex County

High School, Buckingham County
nty
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ool, Essex County
Radford, Montgomery County
Appomattox County
ool, Nottoway County
mons, Principal, Albemarle County
Revercomb, Principal, Augusta County
Cooke, Principal, Augusta County
incipal, Bland County
ill, Jr., Principal, Buckingham County
r., Principal, Clarke County
s, Principal, Essex County
lph M. Behrens, Fairfax County
Koontz, Principal, Frederick County
McD. Fleet, Principal, Hanover County
rter, Principal, Montgomery County
nmel, Principal, Northumberland Co.
. Hastings, Principal, Orange County
rincipal, Prince William County
adys Whitaker, Principal, Roanoke
ncipal, Russell County
pal, Spotsylvania County
ford, Principal, Sussex County

Ridgeway Winners

These two Ridgeway Elementary School students are shown receiving their $5 awards from Henry County Game Warden Edgar T. Lemons. They are Elizabeth Sheppard, left, and Kay Young.

Martinsville *Bulletin* staff photo.

Bland High School Winners

Warden Wayne Richardson, Bland County, presented award checks to seven students at Bland High School. Shown, left to right, Warden Richardson, Ray Fletcher, Barry Dunn, Sue Smith, Patty Strock (in front), Pete Strader, Teresa Waddle and Mary Sue Scott. Mary Sue was the top winner in the 11th grade. She was brought to Richmond by Warden Richardson where she received her $50 award from Governor Harrison.

Photo by Walter G. Becknell, courtesy *Tidewater Newspapers, Inc.*, Gloucester

White-winged crossbills, residents of coniferous forests of the Far North, visited Virginia in numbers last winter.

A Year of Rare Visitors

FAR overshadowing all other ornithological events of last autumn was the pouring southward of birds from the most northern of the forested areas of the continent, according to James Baird writing of the fall season in *Audubon Field Notes,* February 1964. Five species were mainly involved in the dramatic and widespread "irruption" of residents of the vast spruce and fir forests that stretch across the northern third of the continent—the evening grosbeak, red-breasted nuthatch, pine siskin, red crossbill, and white-winged crossbill. In Virginia it surely was the "winter of the crossbill," said bird bander Elizabeth D. Peacock, of Fairfax, who wrote the following account of her encounters with this rare and highly specialized visitor for the *Gloucester-Mathews Gazette-Journal*:

"On the 28th of January, I was taking an early morning walk around the farm of R. J. Stubblefield near Capahosic (Gloucester County), when I heard the *chiff-chiff* of the white-winged crossbill. There perfectly lighted against the sky was a beautiful male perched on the top of a sassafras tree. Viewed with 8 x 40 binoculars, the rosy plumage, accented by its black and white wings, made an unforgettable picture. The size of a purple finch and the long, heavy bill made identification unmistakable. Search of published records shows that this is the first record for Gloucester County.

"This winter I have banded six white-winged crossbills at my home in Fairfax. Although I have banded 22,000 birds of 130 species, I have never handled another so easily tamed in captivity. The bird in the photograph was taken at Fairfax in a mist net at dusk on March 13th. At first I fed him meal worms at 2¢ each. However, after he discovered 'pecans on the half-shell,' his diet was no longer a problem and to watch him hold a pecan with his toes while he ate from it like a dish was a sight to see. He was taken by car at least 250 miles. I showed him to the biology professor of Randolph-Macon College in Ashland and of the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg. Not even having his picture taken upset him very much.

"This crossbill was released at Mr. Stubblefield's at 9 a.m. on March 19 where I had previously seen the other crossbill. When he realized he was free, the white-winged crossbill zoomed straight up into a large sycamore tree. For about 30 seconds he shook out his feathers, turned in all directions and insistently called a sweet, clear *peet, peet, peet.* Then with the flight so characteristic of finches, he bounded off in a northwesterly direction to the tallest tree on the horizon!"

Another tourist from the northern coniferous forests, that extend to and intermingle with the arctic tundra, became a daily visitor in the vicinity of the home of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Sheldon at 318—65th Street in Newport News. This was a young male pine grosbeak, a species reported twice before in Virginia, but never before on the Peninsula. Pine grosbeaks were seen along the skyline drive in 1961, and in Richmond in 1946. These nomads usually travel in flocks, but the one photographed by Mr. Sheldon apparently got separated from other members of his tribe and was traveling with a flock of evening grosbeaks. The evening grosbeak, still another summer resident of Canada's boreal forests, has become a much more common winter migrant to Virginia than either the white-winged crossbill or pine grosbeak.

Now another fall migration is in the making. Perhaps another spectacular outpouring of feathered visitors from the Far North will make bird watching during the coming months as exciting and rewarding an experience as it was last year.

Pine grosbeaks have been recorded rarely in Virginia. This one, in company with a flock of evening grosbeaks, was photographed last winter by William B. Sheldon of Newport News.

THE COMPLEAT TROUT FISHERMAN

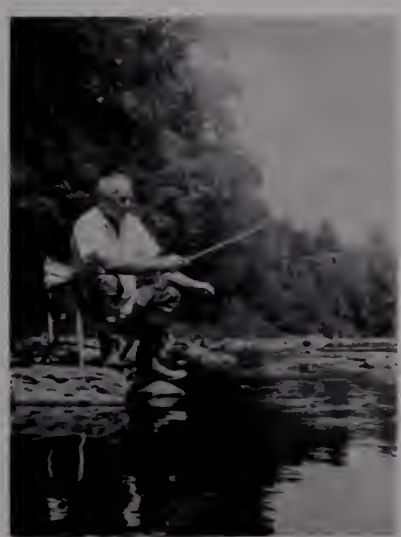
By OWEN O'CONNOR
Alexandria

EXCEPT for the spinning rod and reel nothing new has been added to that most conventional of sports, trout fishing, since the time of Izaak Walton.

Perhaps something different is indicated. But not, definitely not, that advice I read recently, "wearing out the knees of your boots trying to keep out of sight of the fish while approaching the river."

This is the "expert" fisherman. Sure, I have seen fish dart away when walking along the bank, but they return to the identical spot from which they were frightened very soon.

I never make the slightest effort to move quietly. You cannot be silent or invisible and you do not need to even try. In fact a certain amount of commotion in the water will actually attract fish. I have caught trout from between the feet of other fishermen.



Trout fishing can be fun, comfortable, and not too exhausting if the angler goes about it in the right way.

The "expert," having reached the river, now presumably rises to his feet and makes long, beautiful, and spectacular casts. Long casts are not essential and are, in fact, useless. If you were on the opposite bank, you would only be casting to where you are standing now. Some of the best trout I have caught have been less than ten feet away from where I was standing.

I usually take a folding chair when I go fishing, place it on a likely rock or ledge in the river and, comfortably seated, cast across, up or down stream, ten or twenty feet. In this way fishing can be fun and not too exhausting.

The idea of rushing up and down the river trying to fish all the good pools is nonsense.

The choice of flies is important. Taking a box full of Professors, Royal Coachmans, Shoemakers or Silver Doctors, etc., is downright silly; you spend half your time changing flies in the vain hope that a fish will take your latest selection.

Those flies that you had so much fun buying last winter, studied so carefully, and spent so much money for, are no good now. One beat up old Bucktail is all that you need. Fishermen buy flies which they like; these are not necessarily the ones which the fish like.

Now, assuming that after following one or more of the foregoing suggestions, you have actually caught a fish, and that it is about time for lunch (not having gone fishing before about 10 a.m.), return to shore and gather up a few twigs to start the fire—or better yet, get someone in your group to gather them for you, while you relax with a glass of sherry. Then, using the following ingredients with which you have thoughtfully provided yourself, prepare *Trout St. Honorat*: 1 or more trout; 1 small can olive oil; 1 bunch fresh or dried fennel; salt; pepper. One griddle and a paint brush for basting are suggested utensils.

Crush fennel; mix with olive oil; add salt and pepper. Place fish on griddle over fire; baste frequently; cook until crisp. Charcoal is better than twigs, if available.

There will be times, unfortunately, when no fish are caught. This has happened to me. Then, remove the frozen Allegheny trout from your Scotch Cooler and cook as above. Delicious. I take them with me whenever I go fishing.

Public Access to Lands and Water

PRIVATE use of private land sometimes conflicts with the public interest, while at the same time public demand for use of private lands often conflicts with private interest. In few places is this conflict better illustrated than in the general area of outdoor recreation, where the hopes and desires of the many often involve use of water, forest, wildlife habitat and other resources owned by a few.

A Pennsylvania State University Extension Service booklet, entitled *Rural Land Use Planning*, features an explanation of the need for communities to look ahead and to take action to assure that available land and water will be dedicated to uses that will perpetuate opportunities for fishing, hunting, and other outdoor recreation. Written largely about Pennsylvania, and blending the experience and skills of an economist, political scientist, and a resource manager, the booklet applies also to situations elsewhere in the country.

"The central issue in recreational resource development is access to land and water so that this recreation can occur," the booklet declares. "Our farms and forests not only provide the environment for production of wildlife resources, but they provide the space for wildlife recreation to take place. Today the use of land and water for hunting, fishing, and other recreation is in competition with all other uses for these limited resources."

Copies of the booklet may be obtained without charge from Forestry and Wildlife Extension, 111 Forestry Building, Pennsylvania State University, University Park, Pennsylvania.

Polishing The Old And Breaking In The New

By HARRY L. GILLAM
Information Officer

THE duties of a Virginia game warden are becoming more and more complex as he finds himself dealing with an ever larger, better educated and more active public. To meet the challenge of providing personnel equal to the job, the Virginia Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries has been constantly raising minimum qualifications for the position and stepping up its personnel training efforts.

After making satisfactory scores on all tests—mental, physical and oral interview—game warden recruits are required to complete successfully an intensive two week indoctrination and training course. A group of 12 applicants, selected by a state-wide examination process, just completed this training at the University of Richmond in early August. The recruits maintained a vigorous 8:30 to 5 schedule, including one Saturday session, and were exposed to all facets of their job and the varied activities and programs of the Commission.

A basic foundation of understanding of the nearly 400 sections and subsections of Virginia law which specifically relate to game and fish matters plus the 140-odd regulations of the Commission was, of course, one of the basic goals. Most of this instruction was handled by personnel of the Commission's own law enforcement division, although Captain W. W. Blythe of the Virginia State Police gave detailed coverage of Virginia laws of arrest.

An even greater portion of the classroom time was devoted to the techniques of successful law enforcement. Instruction along these lines included such important subjects as legal aspects of law enforcement, covered by State Attorney General Francis Lee, and the use of the police radio, pursuit driving, searches of persons and places, rules of evidence, techniques and mechanics of arrest, handling firearms, courtroom procedures, and defensive tactics. Instructors for these varied topics were drawn from the Virginia State Police and the City of Richmond in addition to the participation of Judge George Abbitt, Jr., of the Appomattox Circuit Court.

From the very beginning the students received a liberal dose of public relations advice since the major part of their work requires dealing with people in one way or another. Mr. John T. Hanna, traffic safety engineer for the City of Richmond, Dr. Austin E. Grigg, University of Richmond psycology professor, and Ozzie Worley, assistant managing editor of the ROANOKE WORLD NEWS, assisted Commission personnel with this phase of the instruction. Lessons in this area even included tips on how to arrest a person without making him mad, a difficult feat in anyone's book!

The recruits were thoroughly briefed on the policies, projects and goals of the Game Commission's other main divisions by personnel from these divisions. Stressed in this phase were activities of these divisions in which the new wardens will be expected to participate.

The aspiring wardens were required to pass detailed written exams measuring how much of the massive dose of information they were retaining and how well they were able to fit together the wide range of subject matter.

Wardens already in service also benefit from formal schooling, and to help meet their need for advanced and refresher training, the Commission began an expanded in-service training program in 1961. The latest of these in-service schools was held in the Virginia National Guard facilities at Camp Pendleton near Virginia Beach in June of this year. Forty-nine members of the Virginia Game Warden force attended this five-day session.

Since these men were thoroughly grounded in basic laws and enforcement techniques, instruction centered around the methods and policies employed by which other divisions carry out the broad work of the Game Commission. Law Enforcement discussions stressed refinement of such important techniques as search and seizure, court room procedures, public and press relations, defensive tactics, and securing evidence. They were also briefed on first-aid procedures and water safety practices.

Game Commission personnel from the various divisions conducted the policy and procedures sections, while personnel from the City of Richmond, the Virginia State Police, and local courts and news media assisted with the other phases.

With this three-point program of selecting top-notch recruits, giving them thorough and up-to-date training, and following up with periodic refresher courses, the Commission hopes to prepare its warden force for dealing with the outdoor recreation boom of unprecedented proportions predicted for the years ahead.

Warden Lewis Brandt, himself a trainee two years ago, instructs this year's recruits in the classroom at University of Richmond. Five refuge supervisors, who act as special wardens on their assigned areas, also received the game warden training. Assistant Law Enforcement Chief Stuart Purks, center foreground, monitors Brandt's lecture.

Fishin' Holes (Continued from page 12)

morning. At 3.30 a.m. we left the warmth of the double decker bunks and prepared for action.

Robertson turned out a quick breakfast. We left the dishes and tumbled into the station wagon. Dust swirled about the wagon like fog as we covered the short distance to Williamsville.

We parked at the river's edge near one of the two village stores. Robertson took a flashlight from the glove compartment, grabbed his tackle and headed downstream.

Lee led the way toward the dam. Since I'd never seen it, I asked some foolish questions as I tried to keep by his side. "Can we wade out on the dam?" I panted.

"We'll wade out behind it; you'll see," Lee replied, as he quickened his pace.

I could hear the gurgle of the water now. We left the main road and took a path leading to the river.

Within a few moments Lee stopped, knelt and began fussing with his rod. "Hang it on a bush?" I asked. "Nope, we're there," he said, flicking on the flashlight he was carrying. Its rays cut into the darkness and I saw the outline of the dam. We were in some bushes below it.

"You can start right here, or you can come with me." invited Lee as he walked toward the dam.

Dawn was approaching, but I still couldn't tell enough about the water to make up my mind where to begin. I decided to fish below the dam. Lee continued on to the dam, stepped into the water behind it and started across.

He was maybe ten yards from me, but I barely could make him out in the dim light. I put on a spinner and made a tentative cast. On the return, I felt a bump but discounted it as a rock or some other obstruction.

I cast a couple more times, but got no hits. I decided it was high time to join my young mentor behind the dam, and headed for it.

I stepped in, fearing that the water would trickle over the tops of my boots. But it was only two or three feet deep. I waded toward Lee, who was in the middle of the river, but I stopped about halfway between the bank and where he was.

"Got one already," he turned to say. "I'm using salmon eggs."

I replaced my spinner with a hook and stuck on a couple of the eggs. I cast over the lip of the dam, let the pounding water pick up the line, and watched as it carried past a rock.

On the second or third time of repeating this, I felt my light fly rod shiver. I yanked sharply and thrilled as the rod dipped. This had to be a good fish. I played it and carefully worked it toward me.

It was a 14-inch rainbow.

Lee watched the action and then helped my ego. "I'll bet you get the best one today," he said.

He was forced to halt the compliments and go to work himself. He had a strike. His fish topped mine, going 18 inches, and I called out some superlatives.

We landed a couple more trout while standing against the back of the dam. You could see well by now, and I decided to wade to the bank and begin exploring other parts of the river.

The hole below the dam is quieter at the lower end, but then the river breaks out in a narrow neck of swift, foamy water. This is my meat and potatoes, and I picked my way toward the spot.

Since this was springtime, and there was a heavy volume of water, I had to brace myself to prevent being swept off my feet. The water was so fast that it was a job keeping the bait in the water long enough for a trout to see it. In fact, one followed the bait downstream twice and could not take it because it bounced to the top of the water too soon. I reeled in, attached another split shot sinker, and cast to the head of the swift water again. This time the line stayed deeper and this proved the undoing of the persistent rainbow trout.

After you leave this first patch of swift water below the dam, the Bullpasture roars through five or six good holes before slowing down into a wide, deep pond behind one of the two Williamsville stores.

The pond starts beneath the bridge we had crossed the night before on our way to the hunting camp, and where I tried to steal my first look at the strip of the Bullpasture we were to fish.

Rocks protrude from this pond, giving trout a place to hide and to cool off. The hole is an ideal one to work with spinners, Flatfish and the like. When the blade of a spinner flutters by one of those rocks, I soon found out, be prepared to strike. Although some fishermen prefer working this pond from the banks, casting all the way across and winding back, I like to wade it from about three or four yards out.

The hole is approximately 40 yards long, tapering off at a small island, where the river splits and flows around the two sides. From the island, bushes hang over the river. And under this cover, trout lurk.

On one day in May, I sampled the narrow water on one side of the island, after having passed it up on previous trips. It is arduous fishing. The bushes hang so close to the water that laying the bait into the best places can't be done on every try.

On this particular day, I snagged one of the bushes on the very first cast. I jerked sharply and finally freed the line. The bait, a nightcrawler, plunked into the water directly under the bush. And before I could breathe a sigh of relief, a trout grabbed the crawler.

I snapped my wrist and hooked him. He raced up and down the stream close to the bushes. All at once the line was loose, almost smacking me in the face. I cranked in. The hook was missing from the leader. Evidently, in trying to work the line free when it hung on the bush, I strained the knot. I kissed what had felt like a fine trout goodbye.

Since the runs by the trout stirred up the water, I moved down to the next spot, which is fast water. At the front of a rock, where the river actually pounded against it, I had a hit and caught a ten-inch rainbow.

In the stretch of this river that's my favorite, you leave the churning water at this point. The rest of the way, for a mile or two, there are quiet holes. There are trout in them, but you must contend with suckers, chubs and other rough fish, too, even with spinners on.

Since this part of the Bullpasture is in the heart of the big game country, you can always expect some side benefits, even when fishing. The last time some friends and I gave the stream a whirl, we all caught the limit of eight trout apiece. On top of that, three of the fellows got within a stone's throw of a wild turkey flock. They counted a dozen in it before a gobbler yelped, "let's get out of here!"

bottled propane unit and a two-burner solidified alcohol contraption. The gasoline Coleman stove has a handy, folding oven complete with temperature gauge, the latter being used exclusively on this stove since it burns white gasoline only to prevent danger of lead poisoning from noxious tetraethyllead fumes. The gasoline stove gives fast heat for preliminary cooking or long, slow heat for unattended simmering or roasting. The auxiliary stoves are useful for continuing the cooking of dishes already started on the Coleman when the heat of the latter is needed for other fast cooking. Also, the compact propane stove serves admirably for coffee break stops when traveling.

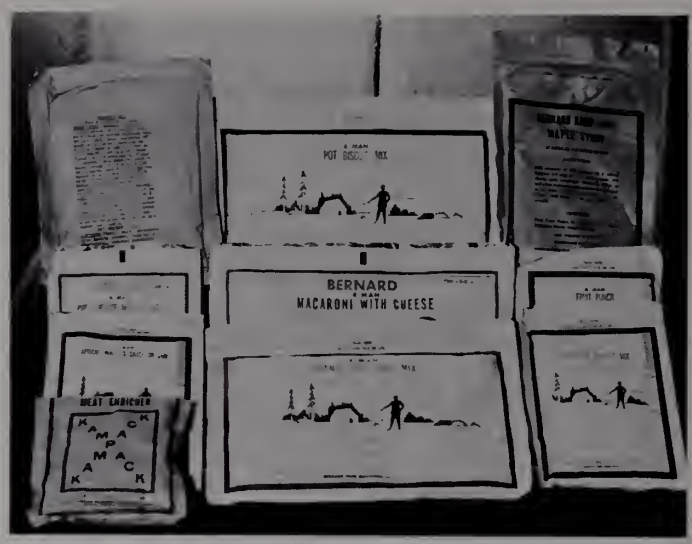
At night our camp is brilliantly illuminated by the light from a two-burner Coleman camp lantern. This is hung from a convenient tree, somewhat away from the cooking area. Thus the ever-present bugs are attracted to the lantern

Just a few of the myriad items available for the camper from corner supermarkets the country over. Be sure and check the baby foods department also. Fruits, juices, and some vegetables are highly palatable and come in convenient sizes for one person.

rather than to the braised beef. A small, highly portable, canned-gas lantern serves for auxiliary light and for quickie stops enroute.

Since all our gasoline appliances burn only white gas for safety and efficiency, we use only white, non-leaded fuel in our car. Thus, with a siphon hose along, there is no need for an additional supply of stove and lantern fuel in the car: another safety precaution.

Although somewhat heavier than the so-called camper's nesting cook kits of spun aluminum, we prefer heavy cast aluminum and stainless steel cookware. We have pieced together a set that nests quite well, with handles removed, and the whole kit fits neatly into a waterproof canvas bag. More about these bags later. Other cooking utensils are frequently fashioned on-the-spot from aluminum foil, a product of progress that we can no longer camp (or live) without. Heavy foil makes a reflector for our camp lantern to direct light where it is most needed. It reflects the heat of our campfire into our tent on chilly nights. Yes, we still have a campfire, more for warmth and atmosphere than from necessity. In truth, we would be foiled without foil.



Specialty foods, such as these Bernard's "Kamp-Pack" items are fine for the back packer for whom weight is a consideration. They come in sizes for 2 or 4 men. Other companies also pack such specialty foods.

The canvas bags mentioned above are sold in many military surplus stores at less than a dollar apiece. They are called "cargo" bags and have a wide rubberized throat that allows them to be expanded to hold a number of items of camp gear. One of ours holds towels, soap and washcloths and a couple of spare blankets. Another houses pillows and air mattresses for the sleeping bags. The propane stove, the Sterno stove and fuel, the propane lantern and fuel fit in yet another and a fifth one contains our small, drawer-type fishing tackle box. All of these items, in their bags, fit into the rooftop carrier of the car. The Coleman stove needs no protection from the elements since it travels in its own rustproof, aluminum case. Sleeping bags also are carried in the roof rack where they are stored in waterproof "barracks bags"; also surplus items. Thus the interior of the vehicle is left for passengers, for cooler boxes and for plastic dishpans containing our canned goods and staples.

Nesting cook kit of heavy cast aluminum is more durable than the light, spun aluminum. Percolator is of stainless steel. Items pack neatly, weigh about 15 pounds. Single burner propane stove and Sterno stove pack separately.

Cooking, like charity, should begin at home. If you are not already an accomplished cook, I suggest you take over the culinary duties at your own abode before venturing to feed the hungry multitude that will gather at your camp board. Under the controlled conditions of the modern home range, coupled with the watchful supervision of your wife or other good cook, you will learn fundamentals of cookery that will carry into the camp. Try out simple recipes that lend themselves to the cooking equipment you will have available in camp. If you have no folding oven, then skip the baking and roasting. Concentrate on top-of-the-stove cookery and the many magazine recipes that utilize aluminum foil (this is where that campfire comes in). Just remember that what you can cook well at home you can cook even better in the out-of-doors, within the limitations of your equipment. And your insides will be the better for it.

Entire cook kit, small stove and lantern pack in a single canvas bag. Waterproof, the bags are carried in car's rooftop carrier.

In closing, a word about cookbooks. Avoid those tomes that purport to tell you the old Indian or guide methods of preparing this or that: how to bake twist on a stick, the use of reflector ovens, how build a campfire without matches. They make interesting reading but you are much better off to stick with Fannie Farmer's *Boston Cookbook*, *America's Cookbook* or Mrs. Rhombauer's *The Joy of Cooking* for simplicity and conciseness. Let the Indians and the guides come later; they'll probably come too—to eat with you.

So plan and shop and pack for your next trip so that you will eat healthfully and with a minimum of work. Get the most out of your vacation without letting it take the most out of you.

Hawking on Clinch Mountain (Continued from page 9)

Mendota such a good lookout is its unique location as a narrow isolated ridge banded by open valley farmland north and south. There may be equal numbers of hawks scattered in smaller flights over the broad ranges of the Holston and Iron Mountains, but they are not all funneled into large flocks forced past a given point comparable to Mendota. The ridge seems to provide updrafts suited for coasting hawks. These updrafts are evidenced by the formation of clouds above the knobby ridges when the sky is otherwise quite clear. Such weather seems ideal for the hawks. But flights are always unpredictable; just right conditions may produce no hawks at all. Everyone agrees that wind and weather are all-important, but nobody knows just how this is so.

The only thing predictable about the broadwings is their prevailing direction. Without fail they appear from the east, flying toward the tower, and proceed, sometimes circling for altitude, over and by the tower, and disappear to the west on their long way southward and down the Clinch. In early morning the hawks generally fly low, often at tower level, or a little southward and below tower elevation. They come in singles, doubles, or groups of a dozen. Their coloration and banding is easily visible; and even immatures can be separated from adults. They never cry or call. By midmorning they fly higher and the flight groups may grow larger; or they may not. Inexplicably there is, at least in the tradition of observers, a noon lull, and flights resume in the early afternoon. On hot afternoons the broadwings, noted for their altitude of flight, fly so high we cannot be sure of spotting all the pinpoints in the spacious firmament. By evening flights cut off. If rain appears the hawks disappear, presumably into or above the clouds. Flights of hawks are often observed swirling in and out of a cloud, what we have named a "kettle" boiling with hawks.

Other species of hawks are frequently spotted at Mendota, including sharp-shinned, Cooper's, and red-tailed hawks. Red-shouldered hawks and osprey are seen occasionally; less often a peregrine falcon (duck hawk), marsh hawk, or rarely an eagle is sighted. Sparrow hawks are common in the area, though not particularly abundant at the tower. But 95 per cent of the count is migrating broadwings. Counts to the north, such as that made at Hawk Mountain Sanctuary in Pennsylvania, do not have so high a percentage of broadwings; they may run as low as 40 per cent broadwings, and up to 20 per cent red-tails and 20 per cent sharpshins. This may be due in part to the fact that our observations have been mostly on September dates of peak flight. There is some evidence that red-tail counts would rise if observations continued into November. Moreover, broadwings seem to winter almost exclusively south of the U.S. border; few or none turn up in Christmas counts. All the broadwings make the long migration southward, whereas only a portion of other hawks migrate so far. While the other species of hawks seen at Mendota are clearly generally migrating, as their prevailing direction is like that of the broadwings, this is by no means as universally true as with the broadwings. The accipiters and red-tails in particular may come in and leave from any direction.

A major weather front moving across the Southeastern U.S. seems to deflect total migration patterns. In the spectacular 1959 record year for Virginia, broadwing flights

(Continued on next page)

coincided with a frontal system moving across Kentucky, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania, deflecting the hawks, we theorize, into our Southwest Virginia area. That year the Pennsylvania Hawk Mountain Sanctuary had its poorest flight in 13 years, and other points to the north had few hawks as well.

Where do the hawks roost? Or do they fly all night? There are no reports of large flocks roosting in Virginia or Tennessee, but single hawks are often flushed in early morning from perches that are presumably roosts. In Avery County, North Carolina, on one occasion about 500-700 hawks were seen to drop into a wooded area about 4:30 in the afternoon before an approaching thunderstorm. The consensus of ornithologists is against the speculation that hawks fly all night.

How, when, and where do the hawks return northward? Presumably they return in singles or pairs in the spring, but we do not really know. They do not seem to pass over Mendota in the spring in significant numbers, but we have very little observation data in March and April. Large soaring flocks, as are common in late September, are not observed in the spring at all.

What is the flight pattern of hawks to the north and south? Hawks seem to continue to utilize the updrafts of the Clinch until its end in mid-Tennessee. There have been some attempts at correlation of particularly large flights passing successive towers in this area. But in Virginia we do not know. Considerable work has been done observing migration of hawks in the Shenandoah mountains, especially at Reddish Knob (see VIRGINIA WILDLIFE, September 1961). Numbers sighted there are significant, though considerably lower than at Mendota.

Over most of the rest of the Virginia mountain chain from the Shenandoah southwest through the state, our knowledge of hawk ways and flyways is nearly a blank. If you wish to devote some leisure hours to this pursuit, mount almost any good firetower in the intervening stretches this September, and you can become the world's foremost authority on hawk migrations in your chosen locality pretty quickly.

While numerous birds other than hawks are sighted from the tower, including ravens, the only other creature evidently in migration is the Monarch butterfly. They flutter by in singles and pairs and in the aggregate sometimes a dozen or two a day, always in the same direction as the hawks.

Fortunately the funneling of these hawks by Mendota is not abused by local gunners. In only one instance in recent years has there been shooting of these hawks, which are protected by law from their wanton destruction. Actually, local residents seem rather unaware of the extensive flights. Hunters and farmers notice more hawks in the woods in the fall, but for the most part are quite unaware of the vast flocks high above.

Each hawk silently, solemnly searches out his path in the trackless Appalachian sky. Surely there are things whereof they know but I am unaware. It is a most unique and, to me, a most satisfying recreation to escape the pressures and stress of my vocation by retiring to a solitary mountain tower to note these things so little noticed by the common rush of men. There is a mystery and majesty about the wild hawk in the wind-swept sky that elevates and frees the human spirit as well. "I do not understand: the way of an eagle in the sky" (Proverbs 30.19).

All data taken from the MIGRANT.

Species composition of hawks seen at Mendota Firetower, 1959-1963

	1959	1960	1961	1962	1963	Total
Broad-winged Hawk	4,363	844	1,138	2,869	1,459	10,673
Red-shouldered Hawk	5	3	7	5	1	21
Red-tailed Hawk	46	5	18	7	13	89
Cooper's Hawk	38	19	19	9	5	90
Sharp-shinned Hawk	16	6	15	6	12	55
Osprey	9	9	6	7	5	36
Bald Eagle	0	0	1	2	1	4
Marsh Hawk	2	2	2	1	2	9
Sparrow Hawk	1	1	4	3	3	12
Duck Hawk (Peregrine Falcon)	5	0	0	1	2	8
Unidentified Hawks	42	14	26	21	17	120
Totals	4,527	903	1,236	2,931	1,520	11,117

Broad-winged hawks counted at Mendota Fire-tower, with dates of observation

1959		1960		1961		1962		1963	
Sept. 6—	0	Sept. 10—	2	Sept. 4—	0	Sept. 8—	17	Aug. 31—	13
Sept. 7—	0	Sept. 11—	15	Sept. 9—	6	Sept. 12—	31	Sept. 2—	4
Sept. 12—	353	Sept. 12—	9	Sept. 10—	4	Sept. 15—	0	Sept. 8—	48
Sept. 13—	407	Sept. 15—	207	Sept. 11—	21	Sept. 18—	43	Sept. 15—	980
Sept. 15—	507	Sept. 16—	30	Sept. 15—	13	Sept. 22—	2,369	Sept. 17—	254
Sept. 17—	16	Sept. 17—	165	Sept. 16—	138	Sept. 23—	86	Sept. 20—	107
Sept. 18—	387	Sept. 18—	3	Sept. 17—	125	Sept. 29—	179	Sept. 21—	38
Sept. 19—	1,184	Sept. 23—	50	Sept. 23—	111	Sept. 30—	106	Sept. 22—	2
Sept. 20—	735	Sept. 24—	69	Sept. 24—	211	Oct. 1—	38	Sept. 24—	4
Sept. 24—	32	Sept. 25—	237	Sept. 25—	442			Sept. 27—	3
Sept. 26—	42	Oct. 1—	7	Sept. 29—	0			Sept. 28—	0
Sept. 27—	1	Oct. 15—	0	Sept. 30—	62			Sept. 30—	2
Oct. 3—	446			Oct. 1—	5			Oct. 1—	4
Oct. 4—	253							Oct. 6—	0
								Oct. 13—	0
	4,363		794		1,138		2,869		1,459

Bird of the Month:

White - throated Sparrow

By DR. J. J. MURRAY
Lexington

EVERYBODY likes this little bird. Modest in coloring, its markings are interesting. Its food habits are altogether useful. Above all, its song is most appealing. No bird could be more welcome about our yards and forests.

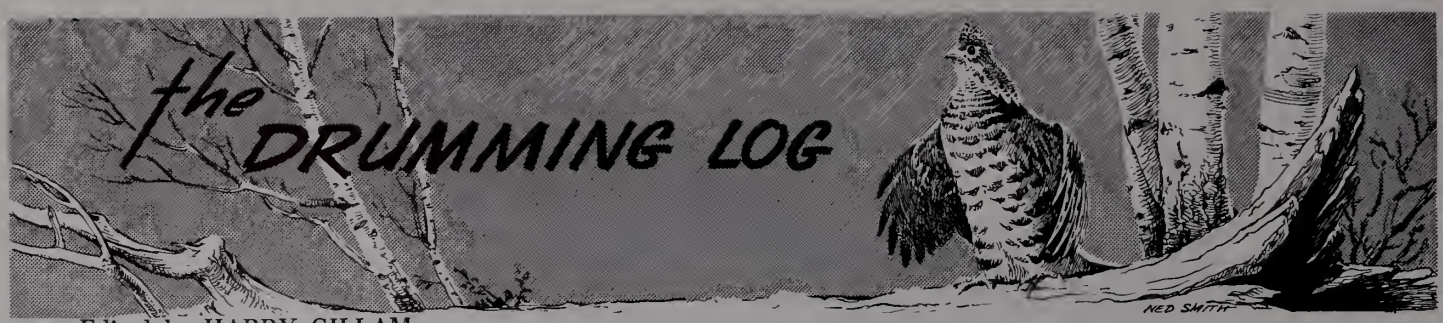
From the middle of September to late May the white-throated sparrows swarm across Virginia. Not quite so common in lower Tidewater, somewhat scarce in the mountains in mid-winter, they are abundant throughout the season everywhere else. In passage in fall and spring they are even more abundant. The heavy migration is in late October and early May, but it begins in mid-September and in spring goes on into late May. The nearest nesting area to us is in northern West Virginia and northwestern Pennsylvania.

Streaked in plumage like most sparrows, it has a warm reddish-brown tinge on the back and wings. The wide white line through the eye is yellow at the front. The bird is pale grayish underneath but with a definite white throat. The somewhat similarly marked but much rarer white-crowned sparrow has wider white lines along the head and is much duller on the throat. In young white-throats the black and white lines on the head and the throat patch are much less definite than in old birds, while the yellow spot in front of the eye is much smaller and may even be missing.

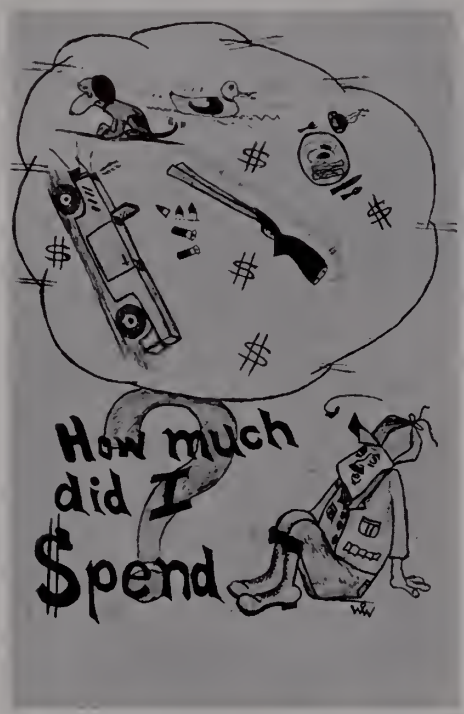
The outstanding thing about this bird is the song, a sweet, haunting little threnody: a series of clear, thoughtful, rather sad notes, dropping in pitch toward the end. In New England it is called the "Peabody bird," and the notes are supposed to say *Old Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody.* With us it only sings on warm, pleasant days, mostly in fall and spring. Sometimes in the Valley it is just a succession of three plaintive notes, *tsee, tsee, tsee.* It also has a call, apparently to keep the company together, *pseet, pseet.* The alarm note is a sharp *chip.*

This sparrow is a sociable little fellow, nearly always found in small flocks. It comes into our yards and can be found in thickets, but much prefers the open woods, where it finds its food on the ground among the dead leaves.

The white-throat feeds almost entirely on the ground. While they will sometimes come to raised feeding stations, the best way to attract them is to scatter small grain on the ground among the bushes. In the woods it works among the leaves, scratching with both feet at once as it hops backwards. It feeds indiscriminately on weed seeds or insects. Oddly enough, it enjoys poison ivy seeds. All students of the food habits of birds give the white-throat a very high rating.



Edited by HARRY GILLAM



V.P.I. Studies Economics of Hunting In Virginia

Just how important is hunting to the over-all economy of Virginia? A study to answer this question is currently being initiated cooperatively by the Department of Forestry and Wildlife at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, the Virginia Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit, and the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries. James Gray, a graduate student at V.P.I., is in charge of the study and needs the help of Virginia hunters in making the study a success. Similar studies have been conducted in Arizona, Idaho, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Ohio, and Washington. They have pointed out that hunting is one of the leading industries in each of these states. The Washington study, for example, revealed that hunting was second in importance only to the wheat crop.

Several things indicate that hunting is economically important to Virginia also. The number of licensed hunters in Virginia has more than doubled in the last 30 years. There has been an increase in the number of sporting goods stores throughout the state. In the past 20 years pay-as-you-go hunting has developed in Virginia, and today there are a number of shooting preserves located throughout the state. Duck hunters in the eastern part of the state are leasing marshland for $100 or more per acre. Virginia has almost 2 million acres of land under wildlife management for public hunting.

To conduct the study in Virginia the state has been divided into three geographic regions: Mountains, Piedmont, and Coastal Plain. These divisions were selected because it seemed likely that hunters in areas with varying seasons and choices of game animals would have varying total expenditures for hunting. Hunters in these areas will be classified according to the type of license purchased—state resident, county resident, or non-resident. This is being done because all previous studies have indicated that the individual expenditures for each of these groups will differ greatly. For instance, Washington researchers found that state resident license holders spent an average of $131 per year, whereas county resident license holders spent an average of $92 per year.

To obtain the necessary economic information for the study, a questionnaire will be mailed to approximately 2500 hunters whose names have been randomly selected from the list of 1963-64 Virginia hunting license holders. The questionnaire is designed to take a minimum of the hunter's time, 10 to 15 minutes, since it is answered simply by checking appropriate blanks. To expedite this important study each person who receives a questionnaire is asked to fill out and return it as soon as possible. When filling out the questionnaire, hunters should include those items which were purchased in Virginia, and *primarily* for *hunting*, between July 1, 1963, and June 30, 1964.

New Commission Chairman

Holman Willis, Jr., of Roanoke, Game Commission member from Virginia's Sixth Congressional District, was elected Chairman of the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries at the annual organizational meeting held in Abingdon, July 24. Homer G. Bauserman, Sr., member from the Tenth District, was elected Vice-Chairman for the ensuing year. T. D. Watkins of Midlothian turned over the gavel to Willis after serving as Chairman for two years.

Mr. Willis, a successful Roanoke attorney with a keen interest in hunting, fishing and conservation, was first appointed to the Game Commission in 1953, and was reappointed in 1959. His current six-year term will expire June 30, 1965. His professional legal background coupled with his keen appreciation of outdoor recreation values has made him a highly respected Commission member.

Homer Bauserman of Arlington brings to the post of Vice-Chairman a broad background of close association with the outdoors, plus personal experience in the field of law enforcement in addition to his wide business administrative background. Appointed in 1953 as the first Commission member from the then newly created 10th Congressional District, he was reappointed for a second six year term in 1959.

Edited by DOROTHY ALLEN

Big Bluegill

Photo by Mike Pappas, *Winchester Evening Star.*

Wayne Cromer pulled this 2 pound 2 ounce, 12½ inch long bluegill from the Front Royal Fish Cultural Station pond. This fish was probably stocked 4 years ago. In this pond there is a 14 inch limit on bass: a management plan to test the effects of size limit. It is believed that you catch more and larger fish by this method than from ponds that have no size limit on bass.

Young Nimrods

Photo by W. Briley Morrison, Front Royal.

A group of young hunters completed a course in hunter safety at John S. Mosby Academy, Front Royal. Left to right, Game Warden Blake S. Denney, Berryville; Mrs. Margaret C. Carbaugh, instructor, Front Royal; James W. Simpson, game warden, Front Royal; and students Joe Will, Paul Davis, Henry Will, Dale Sargent, Jerry Robinson, and Ricky Totten. Seated, James N. Kerrick, safety officer, Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries.

Wildlife Conservation Award

The Riverheads F.F.A. Chapter of Augusta County was selected as the state winner of the Wildlife Conservation Award at the state convention of Future Farmers of America held on the V.P.I. Campus in Blacksburg, Virginia. For being selected as having the best wildlife conservation program in the state, the Riverheads F.F.A. Chapter received a cash award of $40. The Robert E. Lee Chapter of Appomattox County, C. T. Smith Chapter of Caroline County, and Northumberland Chapter of Northumberland County received cash awards for placing second, third, and fourth respectively in state competition.

Every member of the Riverheads Chapter participated in the wildlife conservation program during the past year, and a total of 357 improved practices were completed. Fourteen hundred pounds of wildlife feed and seed were used by the members, and more than 12 acres of wildlife borders were established. Wildlife posters and exhibits were displayed in public buildings, and billboards were erected along the highway to help promote wildlife conservation. Programs were presented at several high schools and elementary schools; wildlife conservation literature was prepared and distributed in the schools and community. In order to reach more people with their conservation program the members of this chapter presented several radio programs.

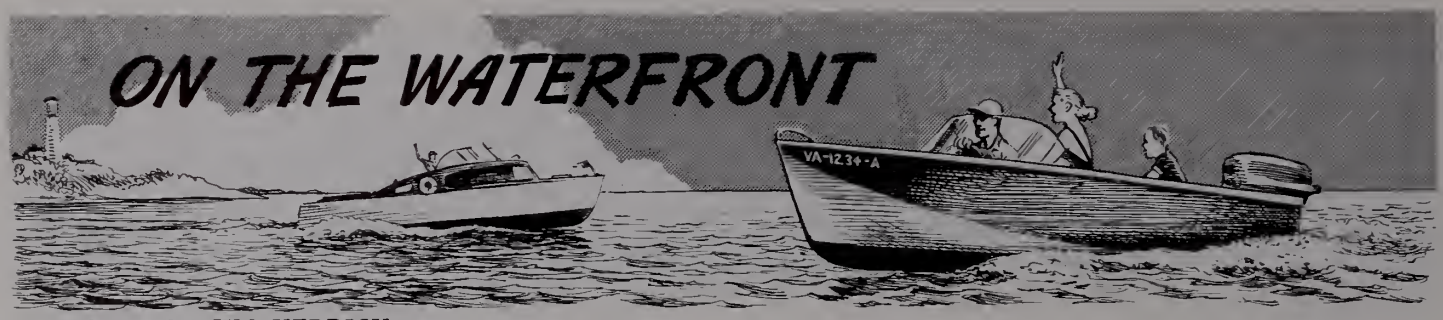
—*L. M. Jewell, Jr.*
Assistant Supervisor, Vo-Ag
State Dept. of Education

Harry Bagnell, Jr., advisor, Riverheads FFA Chapter, looks on as John Thomas Kemp receives a plaque from Tommie Chrisman, Vice President of Virginia Association of FFA. The plaque was given to the Riverheads Chapter for their accomplishments in wildlife conservation.

One of the billboards erected along highway No. 11.

Birdhouses and feed stations were among the many projects conducted by the Riverheads FFA Chapter.

Riverheads FFA Chapter members assist in restocking trout in St. Mary's River.



Edited by JIM KERRICK

"No, you may *not* go out and listen to your father start the motor."

Young Reader Stresses Safety

I like VIRGINIA WILDLIFE because it has many boating safety rules. You should not water ski if you don't know how. You also should not ride or drive a boat in rough weather such as in heavy seas or high winds. You should check your fuel and battery and wear a life preserver when boating. Do not get in deep water if you do not know how to swim.

I got the February edition from my uncle. He is Woodrow Newman, game warden of Smyth county. I am 11 years old, but I still like to read the VIRGINIA WILDLIFE.

Fred P. Newman
Chilhowie, Va.

Get Off Your Feet When in Your Boat

Changing seats or some other sudden shifting of the weight in a boat has been responsible for capsizing more than one small craft. If it becomes necessary to move from one position to another in the boat, keep low and move smoothly.

Keep your seat as much as possible when in small boats, E. R. Klamm, accident prevention director of the Allstate Insurance Companies, advises boat operators and their passengers.

Standing up, as safe as it may seem, is one of the most common causes of getting tossed overboard. Fishermen most often come a cropper because of this maneuver.

In choppy water, avoid any movement within the boat. Standing or moving about in rough water is an invitation to disaster. Stay seated on the bottom of the boat and keep huddled as close to the center line as you can if the waves or the weather becomes threatening.

When entering or leaving a boat from amidships, step on the bottom of the boat, not on the seats, and hold on to the gunwales (the sides). If you're boarding from a beach or high wharf, keep the lines tight (or have someone steady the boat) and then come in over the bow. Avoid leaping or lunging at all times.

Courtesy is Mark of Good Boatman

Boatmen are a naturally friendly lot. They like to get together with other boatmen and swap information, yarns about boating adventures they have had and discuss almost anything pertaining to boats and boating.

The reason boatmen get along so well is that, in general, boatmen are always courteous to other boatmen. Few skippers will knowingly do something deliberately to disturb the enjoyment of others. In case you might not know all the little courtesies dictated by etiquette and custom, a few reminders are offered by the Evinrude News Service.

Avoid being a show-off, a nautical "hot-rodder." This type is never popular. Never run fast past a pier or float, close to a swimming area, an anchored boat or fishermen.

When anchoring leave enough space for the boat next to yours so that you don't foul each other's anchor line or bump against each other if the wind or tide changes.

When you are fishing in a channel, it is best not to anchor because you are blocking traffic. Also don't tie up to government buoys or local navigation markers except in emergencies.

Others may have need for space at a float or pier. Don't bar them by tying up your boat and then going off and leaving it. Unless you are invited to do so, it's not good manners to land at a private pier or float.

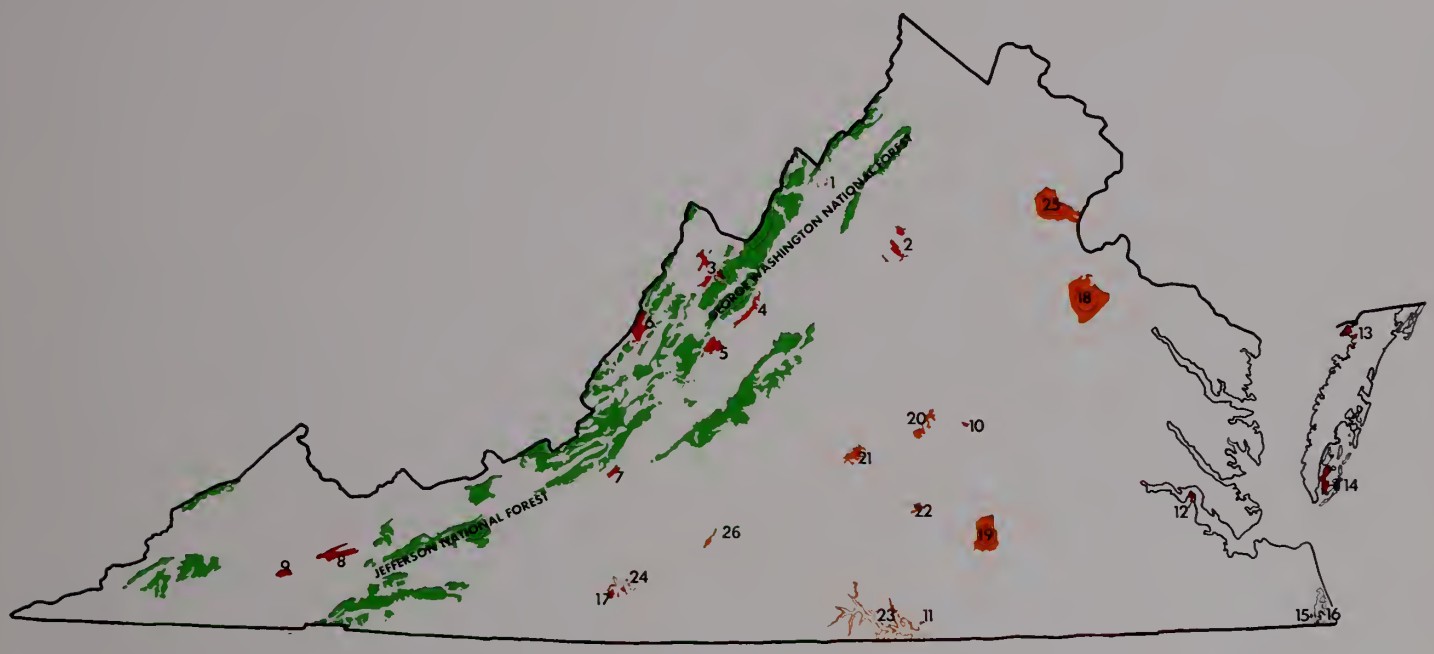
Observe the Golden Rule. Don't do things to other boatmen you wouldn't want them to do to you. Keep your refuse aboard your boat until you can dispose of it in a proper container. Don't litter the waterways. Don't be snoopy about the activities of others when you are aboard their boat. You wouldn't peer into their living room, so why their boat?

It's an unwritten law that all boatmen give assistance to other boatmen in distress. When you see a disabled boat, pull alongside and offer assistance. You would appreciate the same thing if you have trouble.

How to be unpopular in a hurry! These people were at anchor enjoying some leisurely refreshment when a boat traveling at high speed buzzed them. Poor etiquette surely. Just as poor common sense.

Photo courtesy Evinrude Motors

Which of Your Lands Will You Hunt This Fall?



There are Approximately 6 Acres of Public Hunting Land for Each Licensed Virginia Hunter

The Jefferson* and George Washington* National Forests: a million and a half acres of prime hunting territory managed for sustained game production by the Virginia Game Commission and the U. S. Forest Service and open for your hunting pleasure with the purchase of a one dollar National Forest permit.

Nearly 140,000 acres of versatile hunting territory purchased by your Game Commission with your hunting license dollars and open for your hunting enjoyment with no daily fees (except 15 and 16 below).

1. Wunder Wildlife Management Area*
2. Rapidan Wildlife Management Area*
3. Highland Wildlife Management Area*
4. Little North Mountain Wildlife Management Area*
5. Goshen Wildlife Management Area*
6. Gathright Wildlife Management Area*
7. Havens Wildlife Management Area
8. Clinch Mountain Wildlife Management Area*
9. Hidden Valley Wildlife Management Area
10. Powhatan Wildlife Management Area*
11. Elm Hill Waterfowl Management Area*
12. Hog Island Waterfowl Management Area*
13. Saxis Waterfowl Management Area
14. Mockhorn Island Wildlife Management Area
15. Trojan Waterfowl Management Area*
16. Pocahontas Waterfowl Management Area*
17. Fairystone Farms Wildlife Management Area*

Another quarter million acres of hunting lands managed through cooperative agreements between your game commission and land managing agencies of state and federal government.

18. A. P. Hill Military Reservation
19. Pickett Military Reservation
20. Cumberland State Forest
21. Buckingham-Appomattox State Forest
22. Prince Edward State Forest
23. U.S. Corps of Engineers Lands, Kerr Reservoir
24. U.S. Corps of Engineers Lands, Philpott Reservoir
25. Quantico Marine Reservation
26. Smith Mountain Wildlife Management Area

*Detailed maps available.

$3,000.00 IN PRIZES FOR YOU

18TH ANNUAL WILDLIFE ESSAY CONTEST

Approved By
THE VIRGINIA STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION

Sponsored By
THE VIRGINIA COMMISSION OF GAME AND INLAND FISHERIES
THE VIRGINIA DIVISION OF THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

Endorsed By
THE VIRGINIA RESOURCE-USE EDUCATION COUNCIL
THE RESOURCE-USE EDUCATION COMMITTEE OF THE VIRGINIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCE

SEPT. 14, 1964 - JAN. 15, 1965

WHAT CAN I LEARN ABOUT CONSERVATION THROUGH OUTDOOR RECREATION?

ASK YOUR TEACHER TO
ENTER YOUR SCHOOL NOW

RULES

1. Students from all Virginia schools, grades 5-12 inclusive, are eligible.
2. Essays must be submitted through the schools participating. To be eligible, schools must submit an official entry card to receive materials.
3. Each essay submitted must indicate in the upper right hand corner: County, City, School, School Address, Principal, Grade, Name.
4. High school seniors competing for the scholarship must submit a completed scholarship form, obtainable from contest headquarters, attached to their essays.
5. Essays should not exceed 750 words.
6. Essays will be judged on the basis of originality, effort, grammar, expression and grasp of the subject. Final judging will be made by a panel of judges, representing the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, the Virginia Division of the Izaak Walton League of America, and the Virginia State Department of Education.
7. All essays (or those essays selected by the teacher for further judging) must be sent prepaid or delivered to specified addresses and postmarked not later than January 15, 1965. For specific details see "Instruction Sheet to Teacher" found in the materials packet.
8. School awards will be made for 100 per cent student participation as certified by the principal.

PRIZES

1 High School Senior Conservation Scholarship $800.00
8 Grand Prize Awards, $50.00 each, one to each eligible grade.
8 Second Prizes, $25.00 each, one to each eligible grade.
24 Third Prizes, $15.00 each, three to each eligible grade.
24 Honorable Mention Prizes, $10.00 each, three to each eligible grade.
Special Mention Prizes, $5.00 each, divided among eligible grades in proportion to response.
School Awards.
The Scholarship Winner and the Eight Grand Prize Winners will come to Richmond as guests of honor of the sponsors and will have their awards presented to them by the Governor. Others will be given their awards in their schools.